

Semi-Weekly

South Kentuckian.

VOLUME VII.

HOPKINSVILLE, CHRISTIAN COUNTY KY., JANUARY 13, 1885.

NUMBER 4

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Alfonso XII.

KING OF SPAIN, THE YOUNG SOVEREIGN WHO RULES A COUNTRY SHAKEN BY EARTHQUAKES, AND WHICH IS FULL OF DISAFFECTION THREATENING A REVOLUTION; AND IS HIMSELF A CONSUMPTIVE WITH BUT A SHORT TIME TO LIVE.

A commercial treaty with Spain is before the United States Senate for ratification or rejection. The interest taken in the matter by leading merchants of the United States, particularly in New York, evidences the importance of the questions involved in the treaty especially as they relate to the tobacco and sugar interests as affecting our commercial relations with the Spanish colony, Cuba. For the reason alleged Spain occupies large attention in this country at the present time, emphasizing in the public regard the superior interest generally characterizing matters Castilian.

A reactionary and unpopular administration of domestic policy, great popular disaffection in consequence of this, political intrigue, taking, among other serious forms, that of promoting disloyalty in the army towards the young King, awful natural catastrophes, throwing down cities and destroying many lives and much property are features of the present condition of Spain which excite the sympathies of her friends and provoke their fears of another revolution in a country which has been so much injured by sudden and violent political change. Further justifying anticipations of trouble is the serious sickness of Alfonso XII, the young monarch who wears a crown the anxieties of which assist the progress of his disease. Should he survive this year it is not probable that it will be, for the whole period, in his present position. Evidence of his unpopularity abound, and the army, the main support of his power, is said to be honey-combed with republican sentiment. A sick man is not likely to conciliate and lead the only force which can maintain his power.

The unfortunate King is, however, a soldier by profession, and this, such as it is, is something which suggests the possibility of his maintaining his hold of the crown longer than he otherwise could.

It is easy to understand how simple country folks take pleasure in sending little tokens of affection to the man they honor and respect, and in whose good fortune they have had a part. But why these tokens so often sadly perplexes the poor clerk. One man in Brooklyn sends a dog, another in Maine sends two owls, a third forwards an eagle. Maltese cat will make the President happy, while a fifth hopes to win favor by the presentation of a fawn.

If this sort of thing continues the barn attached to the Executive Mansion will soon contain a menagerie which will make our Barnum hang his head in shame. The President-elect takes it all good, naturally and as a huge joke. Said he to-day, laughing over the matter: "Somebody out West, I don't remember his name just now, sent me an eagle the other day. What am I to do with an eagle? I presume they will be sending me an elephant next;" then musingly, "He would be just as useful as an eagle, though."

CLEVELAND'S GIFTS.

A Barn Full of Bric-a-Brac That Puts a Junk Shop to Blush.

[Albany (N. Y.) Special Times-Star.]

The queerest place in the State is Gov. Cleveland's barn or store-room. Your correspondent was permitted to visit these quarters to-day, and a stranger collection of old junk it would be impossible to find anywhere. The barn is a substantial structure, built just back of the Executive Mansion, and during the administration of more wealthy Governors it was used for carriages and horses of these worthies. Governor Cleveland, however, doesn't keep a team, and since his election to the Presidency the vacant barn has been used to store the vast store of miscellaneous presents that come pouring in from every quarter of the Union.

Formerly these packages were delivered at the Executive chamber on the hill, but as they kept constantly increasing in number and variety, it was found impossible to receive them there, and so a kind of union depot was opened in the barn. It keeps one man busy receiving, arranging and shipping back the packages addressed to the President-elect. In spite of the fact that the greatest care is exercised in finding out who sends the stuff and his address, many of the packages remain unidentified. The Governor's orders are that all presents shall be returned to the sender at once. But as about half the gifts come anonymously, it is not so easy to carry out the instructions.

A clerk was busy marking and sending away packages when your correspondent called to make a tour of the palace. The collection of bald eagles, bicycles, chairs, desks, brushes and other bric-a-brac would have put a junk-shop to blush. Yet there was one marked difference between the stock in the Governor's barn and the junk-shop—here every article was new. The eagle flapped his wings dolefully in his wooden cage with an air that told plainly it was the first time he had ever made a show of, and two owls stared in a wondrous knowing way. Not a speck of dust dimmed the brightness of the glittering bicycle that was going back to Boston, and the red plush of a comfortable arm-chair showed its newness through the thin covering spread over it.

The only thing that bore traces of wear was a barrel covered with country mud, and with a number of openings cut in the staves, through which the red and mellow golden of great New York apples showed. A second expressman was unloading a half barrel of cider that had just arrived, when the clerk caught him and told him to wait. A careful examination showed it had come from Binghamton, N. Y., and without taking it from the wagon, a receipt and bill of lading were made out and the stuff shipped back. So it went all day. As fast as one thing was returned another came in to take its place, and the clerk considered himself lucky if two articles did not come in place of every one sent back.

It is easy to understand how simple country folks take pleasure in sending little tokens of affection to the man they honor and respect, and in whose good fortune they have had a part. But why these tokens so often sadly perplexes the poor clerk. One man in Brooklyn sends a dog, another in Maine sends two owls, a third forwards an eagle. Maltese cat will make the President happy, while a fifth hopes to win favor by the presentation of a fawn.

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New Light on Rheumatism.

"I had been completely disabled from rheumatism. I used Parker's Tonic for kidney disease, when to my astonishment the rheumatism completely disappeared." So writes Mrs. Henry Bogert, of No. 454 Atlantic Ave., Brooklyn N. Y. Rheumatism arises from the failure of the kidneys to separate the uric acid from the blood.

[no.103-1m]

The Beetle and the Flea.

If a one hundred and fifty pound man had strength in proportion to that of the beetle, he could lift nearly 200,000 pounds. If he were agile in proportion to the agility of the flea, he could leap over a three story house. Some poor fellows are so feeble that they can neither lift nor lead. Their blood is poor, their digestion bad, and their energy gone. Give such men Brown's Iron Bitters, which will enrich their blow and tone them up gloriously.

Josquin Miller apostrophizes the Mississippi as follows:

"In orange lands a tremendous mouth."

"It some accomplished New Orleans sand-bagger will kindly smash Mr. Miller on his warm, tremendous jaw and send his bill to this office he will duly rewarded for services rendered.—Louisville Times.

A NOTABLE BOOK.

Pictorial History, Romance and Philosophy of Celebrated American Criminals.

Among the announcements of new publications for the present season is one embracing the *tragedy* of American history from the foundation of the republic to the present day.

American History has in every period been distinguished by startling phases. Boldness of conception, breadth of plan, energy of execution, tenacity and courage characterize her annals. These traits are illustrative not only of her laudable achievements, and of those who advance her civilization—her commerce, school, churches—her material, moral and intellectual prosperity, but they characterize as well those whose efforts have been to pull down and destroy. That the latter constitute a material portion of that history, one of necessary instruction and interest to every thoughtful reader and student who would be informed in his country's annals, is a fact which all will recognize.

The proper study of mankind is man," wrote the Poet and Moralist, Alexander Pope. This work presents the most complex of all subjects, in his startling phases, and as a feature of American history, apt in its scope and design, it is of absorbing interest.

Gibbon picturing truly the crimes, effeminacy and lasciviousness of the later Roman Empire—Gillis pointing out the terrible degeneracy of the demagogues of Athens, and Hume picturing the brutal crimes of England of the 13th, and 15th centuries performed the part of wise teachers in warning their countrymen against similar lapses from the straight and narrow paths of honor, honesty and truth. In a similar spirit has the author of "History, Romance and Philosophy of Great American Crimes and Criminals" portrayed the typical crimes and criminals of the various eras of our country.

The work is in the main Biographical and embraces among others the Crimes and Conspiracies of John A. Murrell, the great Southwestern Land Pirate; the Gigantic Schemes of Col. Monroe Edwards, the Napoleon of Forgers, etc., etc.; the Mountain Meadow Massacre; Murders and Burglaries of Rudolf, the Great Philologist; the Murder of Dr. Parkman by Prof. Webster; the Cunningham-Burdell Mystery; the Lowery Gang, the Swamp Angels of North Carolina; the Colt-Adams Murder; Hill-Evans Feud in Kentucky; Career of Cullen Baker, the Arkansas Desperado; the Heilen Jewett-Frank Rivers Murder; Ben Thompson, of Texas, the Mansayer; the Bender Family, the Kanawha Fiends; James and Younger Brothers, etc., etc.

Its pictorial feature is one of more than usual attraction—embracing 161 superb engravings including personal portraits of the celebrated criminals.

It is sold by subscription. The canvassing agent for such a work will find the lists straining out, and a patronage that will make his business assuredly profitable. N. D. Thompson & Co., St. Louis, Mo., and New York City, are the enterprising publishers. We advertise them in another column.

Poisoned by a Nurse.

Some eight years ago I was inoculated with poison by a nurse who infected my babe with blood taint. The little child lingered along until it was about two years old, when its little life was yielded up to the fearful poison. For six long years I have suffered until misery. I was covered with sores and ulcers from head to foot, and in my great extremity prayed to die. No language can express my feelings of woe during those long six years. I had the best medical treatment. Several physicians successively treated me, but all to no purpose. The Mercury and Potash seemed to add fuel to the awful flame which was devouring me. About three months ago I was advised by friends who had seen wonderful cures made by it to try Swift's Specific. We got two bottles, and I felt hope again revive in my breast—hope for health and happiness again. But alas! we had spent so much for medical treatment that we were too poor to buy it. Oh! the agony of that moment! Health and happiness within your reach, but too poor to grasp it. I applied, however, to those who were able and willing to help me, and I have taken Swift's Specific, and am now sound and well once more. Swift's Specific is the best blood purifier in the world, and the greatest blessing of the age.

Greenville, Ala., Sept. 4. Mrs. T. W. Lee.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Disease mailed free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

Ice-Water Baptism.

[Paducah News.]

A colored man, known as the "Zulu Cook," joined the Baptist church several weeks ago, but as yet has not been baptized. At the time he joined the weather was exceedingly pleasant and a balmy breeze was fanning his copper-colored brow throughout the day. He felt good and knew that religion and baptism would both help him. He was informed this morning, when the thermometer was only several degrees above zero, that the time for his immersion was set for next Sunday, and the water selected the Ohio river. He stated he had no objection to the river or the time, but

he thought it would be suicidal to throw a man in the water this kind of weather. "You put me in dat water now and pull me out and I would be frozen stiff and full of icicles before I got half way up the levee." A brother told him that the weather had nothing to do with a man's religion; that if he was sincere he would not fear heat or cold, no matter how severe. The "Zulu" studied a few moments, and remarked that he had read the Bible carefully, and had never seen a man had been baptized in ice-water, and if there was no other alternative, they could scratch his name off the book, as he would be dead if he was going in that water now, if he never did get to Heaven.

The Popular Vote.

The Boston Globe has carefully collected the returns of the recent Presidential election. So far as we are informed, the figures furnished by that paper are the first and only ones which have been printed upon the basis of returns set down by the Secretaries of State of each of the several States in their own hands.

These returns have thus been obtained in response to a circular letter transmitted to each Secretary respectively by the proprietors of the Globe.

The following is the result thus verified:

The whole number of votes given for President on the four electoral tickets was 10,36,057, of which Grover Cleveland received 4,842,292; James G. Blaine, 4,810,219; Benjamin F. Butler, 234,848; and John P. St. John, 148,693. To this aggregate there is to be added 2,262 scattering and defective votes.

The Globe also notices the significant decrease in total pluralities in many of the States. The Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Mississippi, South Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia gave smaller pluralities for Cleveland than they gave for Hancock in 1880; while Illinois, Iowa, Massachusetts, Michigan, Ohio, Rhode Island, Vermont and Wisconsin also exhibit reduced pluralities for Blaine as compared with Garfield. Connecticut, Indiana and New York, which voted for Garfield in 1880, now choose Cleveland electors, while Nevada and California, which voted for Hancock, now return electors for Blaine.

Of the votes given for Cleveland, 1,012,820 came from the "secession States," and 3,829,472 from the remaining twenty-eight. The solid South gave Cleveland 1,716,232 votes. The Globe computes the percentage of the voters that refrained from voting. In Kentucky the percentage was 33; in Virginia it was 37; in Texas, 33; in Arkansas, 43; in Alabama, 47; in Louisiana, 55; in Mississippi, 56; in South Carolina, 62; and in Georgia, 66.

This large percentage of non-voters is not confined to the Southern States. In Maine where Mr. Blaine resides 32 percent of the voting population remained away from the polls; in Oregon, 36; in Vermont, 38; in Massachusetts and Colorado 62. Indeed, in several States only is the delinquency below 20 per cent. In New York, the battle ground of the campaign, where the greatest efforts were made on all sides, the absenteers aggregated 331,234, or 22 per cent of the entire number of voters in the State.

The percentage of non-voting citizens in the country at-large is 27, and full number failing to vote 3,754,787. Eight States, namely, Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island, Delaware, South Carolina, Georgia, and Nevada, gave fewer voters than in 1880. The States which were regarded as certain from the first, generally exhibit the largest amount of absenteeism; and those in which the result was sharply contested showed the least.

He Wanted the Postoffice.

[Pretzel's Weekly.]

"My friend," said a gentleman to a German whom he had met upon the corner, "can you tell me where the postoffice is?"

"Yah."

"Well, if you please, be kind enough to tell me."

"I know who he was."

"I am in a hurry sir," replied the gentleman, "tell me where it is."

"Oh, you want to find der postoffice out, aint it—"

"Yes."

"Oh, vell. Dots besser you go four blocks south, den you go two blocks dat way, den you was go four block nord, den you come mit two blocks dis way."

"Why, you fool, that brings me back to this identical spos."

"Dots all right."

"Then where is the postoffice?"

"You vant der postoffice. Oh, oh,

dots yost across der street. Why

don't you said so, yet I taught you

wanted to took it away mit you but

don't was fool me once. I was a can-

didate for dot place myself. I was a

Democrat neider."

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SEMI-WEEKLY SOUTH KENTUCKIAN,
CHAS. M. MEACHAM, - Editor
TUESDAY, JANUARY 13, 1885.

Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines, the famous New Orleans litigant, died very suddenly last Friday.

The Democratic caucus of the Missouri Legislature unanimously re-nominated Senator Vest. A nomination is equivalent to an election.

The family of M. G. Yriestra, who was killed by a train, have obtained judgment against the L. & N. railroad company for \$25,000, at Pensacola, Fla.

Henry Ward Beecher, in the February number of the North American Review, is to discuss the question whether clergymen should "meddle with politics."

Follett and Hurd, defeated Democratic candidates for Congress in Ohio, will ask the election committee of the next Congress to investigate the charges of fraud, and order a new election.

An exchange says whisky has gone up ten cents per gallon and the indications are that it will continue to go up. We are informed that most of the article brought to this city goes down.

The pews are sold to the highest bidder in Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's church, and at the annual sale last week the total amount received was \$28,000, a falling off of \$7,000 over last year.

The electoral votes of all the states have been received at Washington. Texas was the last to report. Her votes, backed by a Democratic majority of 135,000, were received on the 8th—Jackson's Day.

Col. Thos. S. Pettit, of Owensboro, has been promoted to the position of Reading Clerk of the House, at a salary of \$3,000 a year. Sam'l D. Craig, of Detroit, succeeds him as Tally Clerk.

Gen. Grant has written a letter to Cyrus W. Field declining to accept the \$100,000 recently subscribed to pay him out of debt. If the money raised is to thus go a-begging we might be induced to accept it.

Geo. W. Peck, of the Milwaukee Sun, author of "Peck's Bad Boy," has brought suit against Gus Hegeler's dramatic company, restraining it from producing the dramatization of "Peck's Bad Boy," which has been copyrighted by the author.

Gov. Cleveland's resignation as Governor of New York stands next to Caesar's famous "Veni, vidi, vici," in brevity. It consisted of only thirteen words, viz: "I hereby resign the office of Governor of the State of New York."

The friends of Evarts claim that a poll of the New York Legislature shows that he will certainly be nominated and elected to the U. S. Senate by the Republicans. Levi P. Morton is the contending candidate. President Arthur has retired from the contest.

The L. & N. depot at Nashville was totally burned Saturday night, together with six loaded freight trains and several empty ones. Linck's hotel was also badly damaged, but was saved. The loss to the railroad company is about \$95,000 with no insurance. Linck's loss is \$5,000, partially insured.

The Courier-Journal's Washington correspondent constructs the following Cabinet for President Cleveland:

State—Thos. F. Bayard, Delaware.
Treasury—Wm. C. Whitney, New York.
Interior—Wm. F. Vilas, Wisconsin.
War—Gen. E. McDonald, Indiana.
Navy—Geo. B. McClellan, New Jersey.
Postmaster—Frank Jonas, Louisiana.
Atty. Gen.—A. H. Garland, Arkansas.

It is believed that this will be found nearer correct than any guess ever before made.

Mr. Dan. E. O'Sullivan assumed charge of the Louisville Commercial, as managing editor, yesterday. He was managing editor of the Courier-Journal for a year or two and resigned to go to New York, where he was connected with the World. The Louisville Times says personal reasons caused his resignation and return to Louisville. He is a bright, capable young fellow and we may expect to see the Commercial improve under his management.

Cyrus W. Field, who raised \$100,000, by subscription to pay off a judgment against Gen. Grant, was surprised to receive the following letter from the ex-President:

NEW YORK CITY, Jan. 6, 1885.
MY DEAR SIR:—Through the press and otherwise I learn that you, with a few other friends of mine, are engaged in raising a subscription for my benefit. I appreciate both the motive and the friendship which have dictated this course on your part, but on mature reflection I regard it as due to myself and family to decline this professed generosity. I regret that I did not make this known earlier. Very truly yours,
U. S. GRANT.

Cyrus W. Field, esq.

If Laura G. Clancy, the actress, ever enjoys any posthumous fame worth speaking of it will be increased by the unique method which she adopted for the disposition of her remains. She directed her friends to have her body cremated and bury half of the ashes with her sister at Baltimore and the other half with her mother at Burlington, Vt.—Ex.

KENTUCKY KNOWLEDGE.

Louisville's bonded debt is \$4,167,000.

There were 100 marriages in Crittenden county last year.

The Mayfield Monitor had a premium distribution last week.

A postoffice has been established at Clover Fork, Harlan county.

The Messenger says Owensboro has a bonded debt of \$43,500.

T. F. Marshall, of Augusta, is a candidate for Consul to Havana.

Dr. Vaughn, D. Howard Smith and J. H. Parker all want to be Pension Agent at Louisville.

The Mt. Sterling Gazette discards the patent outside and begins the New Year in an improved form.

At Owensboro Wm. Hester and Miss Minnie Lander were married, the bride being only 14 years old.

The Local says six families, aggregating 39 souls, left Union county on the same boat for Missouri last week.

The libel suit of A. Wolf against the Courier Journal for \$5,000 has been decided in favor of the defendant.

An old man named John Stapleton was lynched at Salersville, Magoffin county, because his son killed a man.

Jas. Burton, an illegal whisky dealer, was shot and killed at Mt. Vernon, while trying to escape from a posse of officers.

The defalcation of Scrugham, the Lexington bank cashier, has been found to exceed \$60,000 and may be even more.

Major Reed has appointed J. H. Whallen, of Buckingham Theatre fame, Chief of Police, of Louisville. He succeeds Gen. T. H. Taylor.

Jno. B. Gaines and E. H. Porter, editors of the Times and Gazette, are candidates for the Bowling Green postoffice. Boys, keep out of politics.

The barns of N. W. Frazer, Cynthia and J. I. McGinnis, Eminence, were burned by incendiaries Friday night. Aggregate loss \$3,000 above insurance.

The Princeton Woolen Mills, owned by Myers & Wyatt, were burned Friday night. The fire originated in the engine room. The loss was \$35,000; insurance \$10,000.

The truant school boys of the country press, who locked their readers out during the holidays, have all returned to their work, excepting two or three who lost their books.

C. S. Offutt, Paris; T. C. Bell, Hardinburg; J. C. Wickliffe, Bardstown; J. M. Bigger, Paducah; G. S. Wall, Maysville, and Jos. Illycraft, Owenton, are some of the applicants for U. S. District Attorney.

The Cynthiatsburg Democrat says Wm. Neal's father-in-law and his wife are circulating a petition to have Gov. Knott commute his death sentence to imprisonment for life. They met with poor success.

The body of Morris Goldsticker, a young Jew who died in Louisville last week, was stolen by body-snatchers. A detective was given the case and found the body in the Medical University and the students just in the act of beginning their work of mutilation. It was placed in a vault to await the orders of Goldsticker's mother.

J. H. Kuttner, Dock Laws and C. Barbee, of Georgetown, held a fifth interest in the ticket that drew \$150,000 in the Louisiana Lottery in December. They were paid their premium—\$30,000. Kuttner and Barbee have invested their shares in a tobacco factory and a hotel in Georgetown and Laws will buy a farm with his third.

The Baltimore Manufacturers' Record in its annual industrial review, shows that 1,865 manufacturing and mining enterprises were organized in the South during the past year, with the enormous capital of \$105,260,000. The most surprising and gratifying feature of the review is the fact that Kentucky leads the list, with investments of \$21,762,000 and 137 new enterprises.—Ex.

A prominent real estate dealer tells the Messenger that there is a greater demand for small farms among the young men of the county than was ever before known. Young fellows with from \$600 to \$1,500 in their pockets, who were never known to have money before, are on the lookout for places of their own. This proves what the Messenger has before said, that the farming people have been installed as deputy sheriffs.

Mr. A. F. Rash, the Cadiz druggist, has sold out to Mr. W. N. Brandon, of Canton, and will study medicine.

Robert Herndon a young man living about three miles from Canton was found dead in a field near his home Wednesday morning. He left home about half an hour before, driving a team, and it is supposed the team ran away and threw him against some hard object. There were few or no bruises on his body, but upon examination it was found his skull was crushed.

That excellent farmer's paper, the Home Journal, has been enlarged and improved, though there was little room for improvement.

J. C. Watson, a blacksmith at Stubblefield, Graves county, was shooting with a pistol Dec. 25, while in a drunken condition.

Geo. W. Craddock, Frankfort, and Thos. Turner, Mt. Sterling, are candidates for Auditor of State of New Mexico.

IV. A partial eclipse of the moon September 23 and 24, visible generally in the United States.

V. A total eclipse of the sun September 8, invisible in the United States; visible in the southern part of South America and a part of Australia.

VI. A partial eclipse of the moon March 20, invisible in the United States.

VII. A total eclipse of the sun September 8, invisible in the United States; visible in the southern part of South America and a part of Australia.

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EXPOSITION NOTES.

For three long weeks, I have been working at the Great World's Exposition, trying to get my display of fertilizers ready for exposition; no doubt many of my friends will be ready to give an audible smile at the very mention of fertilizers on exhibition.

If I had said that I had been preparing a lot of smelling bottles to give away to all visitors, they would not have wondered, yet, I really have a tasty, pretty, exhibit of phosphates of all kinds, raw bone, ground bone, burnt bone, white and black bone, Buffalo bones, horse, sheep, and cow bone, as well as potash in all its forms, sulfates and ammonites of various kinds, in fact every thing that fertilizers are made out of, all of which is interesting and instructive to those who desire to learn more about their mother earth,

Those who attend will find my space at 61 R, in main building just to the right of the door as you go from the Government building to the Main building. You will find a comfortable seat and place to rest in full view of all the passers-by. I will be pleased to meet any of my friends from Ky, or Tenn. and do all in my power to help them see the sights. In my absence, my display will be in charge of Col. R. M. Walmsley, a native of New Orleans, and a gentleman in every respect, worthy of your acquaintance. Please call and register.

I expect to be at home the 12, 13, and 14th of Jan., when I will be pleased to meet any who contemplate going to the Exposition and give them such information as I may have.

Wishing you and your readers a prosperous and happy New Year, I am yours truly,

V. M. METCALFE.
N. O. Jan. 10, 1885.

ROARING SPRING, TRIGG CO.

Jan. 8, 1885.

EDITOR OF SOUTH KENTUCKIAN:

I would remind the friends that "Rome was not built in a day." Because Roaring Spring stands not now upon the highest pinnacle of fame, is no reason that it never will. None writes letters from here, ashamed to own the little villa. In fact, popular sentiment has ever been in favor of planting its name in oblivion, and of letting it there remain. But fate has not so decreed it. No mineral spring, gold mine, or anything in that line has been discovered, but a short while ago, its latent power was brought to life, that gigantic force—intellect—was aroused. Soon music of the drum and fife will vibrate the air, mingled with statesmen and presidents sallying forth to enlighten the world. The existence of this intellectual faculty might never have been revealed, but for the organization of a "Literary Society," the founders of which should be ever gratefully remembered.

Farmers are enjoying their big log fires, with but little to mar their happiness. They realize some trouble in securing labor. Not many are so fortunate as Mr. Geo. Bush, who works the hands he owned before freedom. Tobacco is very good in this section. Mud is very plentiful. Mrs. H. T. Hammock (nee Miss Matilda Bush) spent Christmas week at home, to the delight of many friends. Miss Lelia Miller, of S. K. C., spent last week at home. Miss Vada Southall will soon enter school at Clarksville. Her cousin, Miss Culver, will return next week to her home in Alabama, after a visit of two months. Balls and socials are now in vogue, and at all of which Miss Sallie Crenshaw is quite popular, still she prefers being a Wallflower. Mr. Will Hayes has discovered a new kind of pepper, with which he seems much pleased. Several of our young gentlemen have gone to your city to reside, which fact is sadly bemoaned by many of our girls. They would ask of you to tenderly guard them, especially the frank ones.

W. D. NYMPH.

TRIGG COUNTY.

[From the Telephone.]

Mr. Jno. W. Hicks, of Cerulean, has moved to Christian county, near Church Hill. Rev. Jno. F. White has purchased his place at the Springs and moved to it.

Misses Mack and Nannie Smith, daughters of Rev. H. Smith, a substantial citizen of Cerulean Springs, were married recently to Mr. Paul Turney, of Ills., and Mr. Monroe Smith, of Trigg county.

Morgan Hopson, of Canton, has been installed as deputy sheriff.

Mr. A. F. Rash, the Cadiz druggist, has sold out to Mr. W. N. Brandon, of Canton, and will study medicine.

Robert Herndon a young man living about three miles from Canton was found dead in a field near his home Wednesday morning. He left home about half an hour before, driving a team, and it is supposed the team ran away and threw him against some hard object. There were few or no bruises on his body, but upon examination it was found his skull was crushed.

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SEMI-WEEKLY SOUTH KENTUCKIAN,

TUESDAY, JANUARY 13, 1885.

TIME TABLE FOR TRAINS.

DEPART SOUTH—8:45 A. M.; 11:35 A. M.
ARRIVE NEW YORK—12:45 P. M.; 3:45 P. M.
ARRIVE FROM SOUTH—11:30 A. M.; 2:30 P. M.
ARRIVE FROM NORTH—11:30 A. M.; 2:30 P. M.
POST OFFICE—Bridge St.
Open for letters, stamps—7 A. M. to 6 P. M.
" " money orders—A. M. to 4 P. M.
" " delivered—Monday at 4:15 P. M.
SOUTHERN EXPRESS OFFICE,
North Main St.
Open 8 A. M. to 5 P. M.



Gen. Grant declines the cash—
Let's all prepare to go,
Since he has done a thing so rash,
Let Gabriel's trumpet blow,
For when a hundred-thousand purse
Is placed at Grant's command,
And he declines, letter terse,
Millions close at hand.

SOCIALITIES.

"Father time," Kelly's big town clock, keeps both the Standard and Sun time.

Mrs. S. W. Taliaferro, of Guthrie, was in the city last week.

Mr. W. L. Tillman, of Fairview, has moved to the city to live.

Joe Muhannan paid his regular visit to the city Saturday.

Mr. F. E. Wade, of Fairview, left yesterday on a visit to Carmi, Ill.

Mr. W. A. P'Pool returned yesterday from a business trip to Louisville.

Miss Georgia Bush, of Roaring Springs, is visiting Mrs. C. H. Bush this week.

Mr. Jas. G. Jesup, who has been in Chicago for several months, returned to this city last week.

Miss Vada Southall, of Roaring Springs, left yesterday for Clarksville, where she is attending school.

Mr. Wm. Hickman and Mr. Wm. Gray, of St. Louis, were in the city last week, visiting at Dr. Hickman's.

Lieut. W. H. H. Souther's wife, who has been off duty for several months and visiting his father-in-law, Dr. Rodman, left for the east last week.

Mr. F. T. Gorman has accepted the position of manager of the tailoring department of the furnishing house of Messrs. Jas. Pye & Co.

Mr. Lee Watson and family, of the county, have moved to the city and are occupying the house on the corner of Nashville and Virginia streets, lately vacated by Mr. Hart.

Mr. Bud Nicholls, formerly of this county but who has been in Kansas for the last four years, is in the county visiting his old friends and relatives.

Judge J. K. Huey, of Smithland, an applicant for the position of U. S. Marshal, was in the city Saturday. He thinks his chances are first-rate.

Dr. Jno. D. Clardy, Worthy Overseer of the Kentucky State Grange, left Saturday for Central Kentucky, where he will deliver a number of lectures in the interest of the order of Patrons of Husbandry.

Council Matters.

The new Board of city councilmen organized Tuesday and elected Judge R. T. Petree chairman and *ex-officio* Mayor.

The various committees were not appointed. They will be arranged by the next meeting.

Capt. R. T. McDaniel was re-appointed City Assessor for 1885.

Judge H. R. Little, City Auditor and Treasurer, is retained this year. No changes were made in the police force.

The following report was submitted by the City Auditor:

City Finances 1884. Statement of receipts and disbursements of the City of Hopkinsville, for the year 1884.

RECEIPTS.

From Taxes	\$13,917.01
" Cemetery	617.60
" License	11.25
" Lodging Houses	2,000.00
" Sinking Fund	255.00
" County for Small pox	1,100.00
" City Court	100.00
" Sundries	125.50
Total	\$21,208.19

DISBURSEMENTS.

Deficit Jan. 1, 1884	\$ 450.40
Street Improvement	6,647.9
FIRE DEPARTMENT.	
First payment on engine	\$1,000.00
Current Fire Expenses	750.75
Total	\$1,750.75

Police

FREE DEPARTMENT.

First payment on engine

DEFECT.

Current Fire Expenses

Amount disbursed

SCHOOL SUPPORT FUND.

Balance on hand Jan. 1, 1884

INTEREST ON SCHOOL BONDS.

Balance on hand Jan. 1, 1884

RECEIVED.

Received during the year

Making sum of

EXPENDED.

Expended during the year

Balance on hand Dec. 31, 1884

ATTEST.

H. R. LITTLE, Auditor and Treasurer.

THE Sick List.

Mr. H. B. Garner is quite sick.

Mrs. Wm. Gray's condition is not improved.

Mrs. John Boyd is recovering from a severe spell of sickness.

Mr. W. A. P'Pool, of the late firm of McKee & Pool, will open up a new grocery at the old stand on Nashville street, in a few days.

HERE AND THERE.

Howe's time is the city standard. Born, to the wife of Maj. S. R. Crumbaugh, Jan. 9th, twin girls. Paper sacks for putting up hams for sale at this office in large or small quantities.

The union prayer meetings at the various churches last week were well attended each evening.

Coal piles in the cellars of the burned district are still burning, though it has been fifteen days since the fire. Two of the most successful hunters near the city—father and son—have killed 1,029 partridges since the 1st of last November.

The Trustees of the Knights of Pythias Lodge have been instructed to make arrangements with the Odd Fellows for the temporary occupancy of their hall two nights each month.

Our thanks are hereby tendered to the proprietors of the Phoenix Hotel Saloon for a box of "South Kentuckian" cigars. We also return thanks for the compliment implied in naming so excellent a cigar after the SOUTH KENTUCKIAN.

Attention is called to the advertisement of Mr. C. E. Tandy in another column. He will have a public sale of his fine stock of farming utensils and other personal property at his farm near Fairview, Jan. 28th, having recently sold his farm,

Miss Loraine Donaldson, a sister of Mr. Ross Donaldson, died at the residence of the latter, on Maple street, last Thursday, after an illness of but a few days. The funeral was preached by Rev. J. N. Prestridge and the remains taken to New Providence, Tenn., for interment.

M. Frankel & Sons' clearance sale still continues. They have made a big cut on the prices of Clothing. Go to see them if you want bargains. Their remnant stock is fast disappearing. They can be found at the stand just vacated by Metcalfe, Graham & Co.

Dr. J. M. Ramsey, late of Sinking Fork, has moved to this city to practice medicine. He is a physician of considerable experience and a gentleman of pleasing address and uniform courtesy. His office is located on Main street, in the Hopkins building.

Mr. C. F. Bryden, general agent for Harden's improved hand grenade fire extinguishers, gave an exhibition of the manner of using them yesterday at 10 o'clock. A large fire was made of boxes on the street and completely extinguished with only three grenades.

Chas. M. Latham has re-opened in the Thompson Block opposite where he was burned out, and will be glad to see his friends and customers at his new stand. He saved a portion of his goods and will at once replace those destroyed. He is selling goods below New York first cost, and it will pay you to call on him.

We are needing money badly. Be sure to call and settle your bill with us at once. We sustained quite a severe loss by the fire and are running short of funds. Therefore we must ask one and all to call at once and pay up and oblige.

M. Frankel & Sons.

The popular druggist, Dr. J. R. Armistead, has recently had his store much improved by a new front, with plate-glass show windows. Dr. Armistead is one of our most deserving business men, and during the few years he has been here has built up a trade that ranks with the best. He carries a full stock of drugs, etc., and hopes by square dealing to merit a still larger share of the public patronage.

Those entering grocers, Mess. Burbidge Bros., who have been out of business on account of their inability to get a house since they were burned out six months ago, will re-open in a few days in the large and well-located corner room in the Withers building, just completed on Main St. They will keep a choice stock of fresh staple and fancy groceries, etc., to which they would invite the attention of their former customers and the public generally, promising to give them the best of goods at the lowest prices. Read their conspicuous card elsewhere on this page.

Hopkinsville Wants

Good beef. Fewer fires. More wealth. Cheaper coal. A city pound. Another railroad. Less drunkenness. A Chinese laundry. Better street lights. A good paper mill. More manufactures. More good crossings. The streets kept clean. More cottages to rent. Cheaper freight rates. Fewer chronic loafers. Fire-traps torn down. Her houses numbered. A paid fire department. A system of water-works. More progressive citizens. Turnpikes to the country. Fewer hogs on the streets. A first-class hotel building. The cross streets numbered. The city divided into wards. A woolen mill started at once. Fewer dissipated young men. Another brick yard right away. A fence around the court-house. More lock boxes in the post-office. The post-office open day and night. Obstructions kept off the sidewalks. Fewer vagabonds, white and black. Less lawlessness and more morality.

A more rigid enforcement of the laws.

Street lamps lighted on dark nights.

Better pavements and more of them.

Her tobacco market better sustained.

A conveniently located market house.

A three-story block on the burnt square.

The South Kentuckian published daily—when the people have enough enterprise to sustain it.

The report that Mr. Jno. B. Bell, formerly of this place, had been involved in some personal difficulties in Texas, turns out to be untrue. The report was freely circulated in this county about a month ago, causing his friends considerable apprehension. A friend of Mr. Bell, in this city, received a letter from him Saturday contradicting the rumor. He is still in business in Abilene and doing well.

Those who think the Hopkinsville post-office—a position that pays \$1,800 a year—is to go a-begging under the Democratic administration are very much mistaken. We have heretofore refrained from mentioning the candidates, because we have been unable to take a census of them, and even now we can give only a partial list. Those who are understood to be working for the place are Mr. W. F. Randle, (now deputy in the office), Judge G. A. Champlin, Miss Mollie Martin, and Mrs. E. W. McKenzie. Besides these there are half a score more who are watching and waiting for something to "turn up." Some of these do not live in the city or within several miles of it. The list is by no means complete yet, as it is believed several parties are making a still hunt for the place.

What You Say.

"There are many frauds advertised for the hair," you say. So there are, but Parker's Hair Balsam is not one of them. It will not work miracles, but it will do better service for your hair than anything else you can find. Restores its original color, cures dandruff, gives new growth. Elegantly perfumed. Not a dye.

Free Lecture.

Mr. V. M. Metcalfe, who has been at the New Orleans Exposition since it opened, returned home last week and will remain in the city until Thursday. At the request of many persons who desire to know something about the Exposition he has consented to deliver a lecture at the Court House this evening, the object of which will be to give information to those who contemplate visiting the great World's Exposition this spring. All who wish to profit from Mr. Metcalfe's experience and learn something of New Orleans should go to hear him this evening.

REPAIR SHOP!

Henry Blummingstein has just opened a Carriage and Buggy Trimming Shop immediately over Andrew Hall's Marble Shop, where he offers to do trimming and repairs on carriages and buggies in the most fashionable, neatest and substantial manner.

We are also receiving every few days New Cloaks, both Newmarkets and Russian Circulars.

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SEMI-WEEKLY SOUTH KENTUCKIAN.
NASHVILLE STREET.
HOPKINSVILLE, KENTUCKY.

CLUB LIST.

We will furnish the following papers and periodicals with the SEMI-WEEKLY SOUTH KENTUCKIAN at the subjoined cheap rates:

Daily Courier-Journal	\$12.50
Weekly Courier-Journal	\$2.25
" Louisville Commercial	\$3.00
Farmers Home Journal	\$3.15
Peterson's Magazine	\$3.00
Godey's Lady's Book	\$3.00
New York Weekly Sun	\$3.10
Daily N. Y. World	\$7.50
Semi-weekly "	\$8.50
Weekly "	\$2.75
Littell's Living Age	\$9.50
Telote's Blade	\$3.00

Fun in a Stage Coach.

Wyoming Kit, correspondent of the Detroit Free Press has had some varied experiences while traveling in the far West. Respecting a stage coach incident he says:

"Just upon the outskirts we come to a halt, and a moment later a tall, angular, sour-visage woman comes prancing up to the door. Craning her neck, she could look into the coach, and said, in a voice that an asthmatic sand-hill crane might well envy: 'Slide along you fellers! Slide along, an' make room for your Aunt Snort.' Driver, take this 'yar box up with you, an' be keerful of it. If you break a dish o' the lot in thar, you'll find your neck in the same condition in a second arter I find it out!'

We "slid along" and made room for the queer female, who scrambled in and took a seat beside Forbes. Again we started, and wishing to appear sociable to our new companion, I asked:

"Going somewhere madam?"

She shot a glance at me that chilled me from head to foot, and in that same cringe-like voice, replied:

"Course I do. Doesn't look like I war a standin' still, do it? I'm a goin' down to Spanish Fork to see my daughter Amandy, she went in third to Bishop Sparks at the last conference. Amandy has been a affin' an' I'm a goin' down to see her for a few days. Who be you?"

"I am a journalist, madam; a humble soldier in the great field of American journalism."

"You be, eh? Whar' do you live?"

"At no particular point, madam. Today I'll be here; to-morrow there. My note-book to-day may receive jottings from which I will tell the world of this beautiful valley, and my next letter may be penned up and on the everlasting snows of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. Yes, madam I am a wandering scribe."

"Wal, that's all Dated to you! Yet good on slingin' palaver, anyhow. I don't know w'at journalism air, but I reckon it's somethin' folks had extra leis in jail fer, an' I warn you now, young man, that if you try any o' yer games on old Aunt Snort, you'll git pulverized so fine that your momma couldn't tell yer from a worn-out dishcloth. Just keep yer distance, or you'll think the devil's turned a tornado loose on you!"

I had no very craving desire to pursue the conversation, and so allowed it to drop. Forbes and Lane were convulsed with suppressed laughter, but I was obliged to sit there.

Presently we struck a rocky stretch, and then the fun began. The driver appeared to be anxious to get to some place in a given time, and did not slacken his speed, and soon the old coach began to rock and tumble about in the wildest manner. We held on to the handstraps like grim death. All at once the forward wheels of the coach struck a ditch and I went flying across the middle seat with a cry of "murder!" and landed right on the old woman's lap, my arms around her, while my nose plowed up her wrinkled cheek in the most affectionate manner imaginable. As I regained my feet I received a bat over the head from her parasol that drove my plug hat down until it sat square on my shoulders, and the next instant, was shot back into my seat by kick in the abdomen that doubled me up like a carpenter's rule. As I went back like a rocket the old fiend shouted:

"Take that, you dod-draffed villian, tryin' to lug a decent woman an' the mother o' fourteen children. I thought you war a scoundrel the minit I set eyes on you, you dirty, unprincipled durned imitation of a man. I'll teach you to kiss me! I'll teach you to hug me till every bone in my body crack. I'll larn you who to make yer advances to!" and she favored me with another belt over the head that drove my neck two inches into my body.

Excuses were vain—the old heathen would not be convinced that I did not purposely throw myself into her skinny arms. While we were endeavoring to pacify her the stage gave a tremendous lurch and hurled us all up into a bunch as any tropic-born butterfly.—*Washington Gazette.*

PITH AND POINT.

"Patrick, wend yo' a minor when you landed in America?" said the naturalization officer. "No, your honor I was a bricklayer."

The number of domestic patent issued in one week recently was 330, and yet it is patent to all that the domestic is no better than she ever was.

Ordinary "stars" on the theatrical stage are not out of place, but "shoot stars" should be suppressed. We couldn't re-Frayne from making this remark.—*Norristown Herald.*

It is impossible for two railroad trains to pass each other on a single track. This has been so frequently demonstrated of late, it is strange that the fact has not been accepted as proved.—*Boston Transcript.*

A politician is always disinterested in seeking to serve his country. As nobody knows what the country needs so well himself, he naturally wishes to place himself where his knowledge can be availed of by his country.

"Daniel Webster never wrote but one poem." When he offered that to a newspaper editor for publication, there was such a murderous glare in the latter's eyes, that the statesman went down stairs four steps at a time and made a vow never again to court the poetic muse. Some poets are less sensitive.

"Burlington Hawkeye."

"What's your occupation?" asked a Judge of a "drunk" that came up for inspection in the morning. "I'm a calker," was the reply. "A calker!" exclaimed the Judge, "what an inaptitude of language! I should say you were uncoordinated. Give him six days."

"That's a 'corker,' surely," was the victim's retort.—*Rome Sentinel.*

"And what age is it you are now, dear?" asked the colonel of a company of India of the tall daughter of his friend, Tomkinson Smith. "Well, that is what I can quite make out," returned the girl, taking care not to meet her mother's eye, "for when I go anywhere with papa I am sixteen, but when I go out with mamma I am never more than twelve next birthday." The colonel hastened to change the subject.—*London Figaro.*

When Cousin Mary was three years old she attended church for the first time with her aunt. During the service she heard the minister mention the name of God several times, and acted as if she knew he was doing something wrong. At last she could stand it no longer; the next time he said it, she ran up in her seat, and pointing her chubby finger at him, she said in impulsive tones: "Man, top your swearing."

A good cement to close the cracks in a cast-iron stove can be made out of wood ashes, sifted very fine, mixed with an equal quantity of pulverized clay and a little salt. Moisten with water to make a paste and fill the cracks when the iron is cold. The cement will not peel nor crack nor become very hard after heating. It is also good to fill the joints in stove pipes when they are required to be tight.

CAREFUL experiments with locomotives have proved that a brick arch in the fire box, as well as a half plate within the smoke box, are both very economical appliances. They save coal and prevent throwing fire. It has also been found by experiment upon one of our leading railroads that fifty-four per cent of the heat produced by combustion is put directly into the boiler, and can be accounted for.

PRODUCE a bright surface by filing a piece of metal. Apply a drop of nitric acid and allow it to remain a few minutes; wash with water; the spot will then look a pale ashy gray on wrought iron, a brownish black on steel, a deep black on cast iron. This is a sure test.

The carbon present in various proportion produces the difference in color.

IN LARIGNY, France, in 1457, a sow and six young ones were regularly tried in court, on the charge of having murdered and partly eaten a child. The sow was guilty and condemned to death. But the second year a few of the more reflective bees evidently concluded that the thing over in their minds must be this: "This country has no winter to provide against; what is the use of laying up honey, when the flowers blossom all the year round?" These bees exerted enough influence among their friends to keep a good many bees from laying by any sweet merchandise the second year of their exile.

But the prudent instinct so strong in the little insect prevailed with the majority. They evidently said to themselves: "Perhaps this has been an exceptional year. Next season may bring cold and snow and dearth of flowers." So there was quite a stock of honey laid by on the second year in spite of a few strikes. But by the third year the conviction had evidently thoroughly penetrated the bee mind that it was foolish to lay up a land of eternal blossom. They made just enough to last from day to day, abandoned themselves to living from hand to mouth as recklessly as does any tropic-born butterfly.—*Washington Gazette.*

The Reckless Bee.

An experimenter in Southern agriculture told me the following history of North Carolina and the South. He took a colt of the little gaudy horses, tacked him down to Florida. At the first year they leveled thrones, and stored honey down the untraveled summer-time. But the second year a few of the more reflective bees evidently concluded that the thing over in their minds must be this: "This country has no winter to provide against; what is the use of laying up honey, when the flowers blossom all the year round?" These bees exerted

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Life in the Oil Regions.

That the oil region is a country where fortunes are quickly made is well known. The man who is digging his iron today may be wearing a diamond in his shirt front to-morrow, and the day laborer of last week is a moneyed man of the next month. On our streets we can point to men who couldn't draw a check for ten cents six months ago. Now they can draw their check for \$10,000 and the bank wouldn't accept it. You'd be a man who walked from Oil City as a tramp a year ago. To-day he is poster in a hotel. Here comes a young man who borrowed ten cents of us last week to get a glass of milk. Now he wants to buy a meal. He dines on quail meats. Go to Bradford and you'll see the same evidence of prosperity. A man who came into this field when the excitement began with less than \$100, is now worth as many thousands. Another, who was put in the lockup, and borrowed money to pay his fine, was arrested again last week and sent to jail. He could not borrow anything this time. Here's another man who went with his last cent in his pocket. Last month he drew his check for \$20,000. He too, is in jail. He signed another man's name to the check. Such are the ups and downs of oil life. Here to-day, in jail to-morrow.—*Oil City Derrick.*

Marriages and Deaths.

The following, from the Steubenville Daily Herald, a paper of well known veracity, may be true, but if it is, the writer referred to deserves a position as the managing editor of a daily newspaper. He should be heard from often:

Kentucky is a remarkable State and the people are quite remarkable. Here is the way a correspondent of one of the county papers of the northeast section of the State, announces death notices in his neighborhood: "The following persons have recently died in this place and vicinity, viz.: Mrs. John Stuble, wife of Zach Stuble, at a ripe old age; Mrs. Emma Autrum, wife of Phineas Autrum, after a long and severe affliction; also Mrs. Rhoda Bean, second wife of Ezekiel Bean. 'Zekiel' was soon after taken by 'Pop,' his first wife, from whom he had been married, for his third wife. This last was married to Dr. Zeke. Don't that 'Harral Zeke' take the rag of the bush?"

A Good Reason.

"Did you hear of the case upon Martin street?" said Barber to Brewer, when they met at the post office this morning.

"No; what about it?" enquired Brewer, interested.

"Why, said Barber, 'a man there in the house nine days before his family would bury him. Had the funeral yesterday.'

"By gracious," said Barber, "that's an outrage. Why didn't they bury him before?" Superstition?

"No; not exactly that," said Barber. "Brewer's ear was down toward his mouth. 'That ear's down,' he said. 'He was not dead.'—*Lowell Citizen.*

Amid the Jostling Crowd.

One of the strangest things in walking through a crowded city is the abrupt look some people have. Their looks may be burrying along, but their minds are either sound asleep or gone's a-wand-ring. They pay not the slightest regard to any one or anything, and only escape being run over by the law that apparently protects incapable as well as drunkards and children. Others again carry on audible conversation, gesticulate, smile or laugh, and are oblivious of the fact that they are in public thoroughfare as if they were walking in their sleep. There are num bers—Miss Flites in the world who have even the excuse of a "cause on the brain," and who jostle and are jostled in a crowd without any apparent recognition of the spectacle they present.

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Louisville courts grind out justice in a hurry. The right persons were sentenced to the penitentiary one day this week.

Spotted Tail's Joke.

One day Captain Lee was talking with Spotted Tail, the murdered chief, and others about honest people, and the keeping of one's word.

"There's no such thing as an honest man," said the Captain, jokingly. "There used to be however. In former times honest men always used to have a bunch of hair growing in the palm of their right hand. I don't see but a few bunches in my hand."

Spotted Tail stepped up to him, and shaking hands with him, said:

"How! How! I used to have a great big bunch of hair in the palm of my hand but it has all been worn off by shaking with the whites."

Weather Proverbs.

"A green winter makes a fat churchyard." "If the grass grows green in Janvier, it will grow the worse for it all the year; if Janvier is cloudy, it will be summer gay, it will be winter weather.

"Ordinary 'stars' on the theatrical stage are not out of place, but 'shoot stars' should be suppressed. We couldn't re-Frayne from making this remark.—*Norristown Herald.*

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trains to pass each other on a single track. This has been so frequently demonstrated of late, it is strange that the fact has not been accepted as proved.—*Boston Transcript.*

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